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THE NEW HOUSE OF LORDS.

SCARCELY had the ruins of the late Parliamentary buildings at Westminster ceased to smoke, when the attention of his Majesty's Government was directed to the provision of accommodation for the approaching Session of Parliament. The Conflagration had reduced the House of Commons to a roofless, open-sided shell, but had, at the same time, unveiled its pristine, architectural beauty to the admiring antiquarian. The walls of the House of Lords and of the Painted Chamber were found to be entire; and, as circumstances would not allow the removal of the ruins, and the rebuilding of "the Houses," without the concurrence of Parliament itself, it was resolved to appropriate the last named structures for the temporary accommodation of the two branches of the legislature. Accordingly, Sir Robert Smirke was commissioned to construct within the walls of the Painted Chamber an apartment for the Peers; and within the walls of the former House of Lords, accommodation for the Commons: and the Two Engravings in the present sheet represent the style in which the architect has executed his commission.

In converting the Painted Chamber into a House of Lords, it was found advisable to heighten the walls by at least one-third;

they were then roofed with slate, and the internal fittings were commenced. It now presents an apartment 50 feet long, 18 or 20 feet wide, and nearly 28 feet in height. The flooring on each side is raised by two, low steps for the seats, which are of solid and beautifully grained English oak, and are covered with superfine crimson cloth. The space allows of three tiers on each side, over which is a gallery, capable of holding two tiers of seats, supported by an octangular column and iron brackets, cased with composition. These brackets are tastefully enriched, as is the front of the galleries, which is filled with quatrefoils and centre shields, every six or seven feet, divided with square oak stanchions, and surmounted by an iron railing of two longitudinal bars. The ascent to each gallery is by a handsome, geometrical staircase: and over this end of the apartment is a large gallery for strangers, reporters, &c., which immediately communicates with the Reporters' Gallery in the House of Commons.

The accommodation below the Bar for Members of the House of Commons, who attend to bring up Bills, is larger by four feet than formerly, and at least 150 gentlemen may attend on these occasions without incon-

venience. On the left of the Bar is a door leading to four new committee-rooms, formed out of the long gallery, and the passage connecting them leads to the lobby of the Commons. On the right of the Bar, is the entrance for the Lords, which communicates with the House of Commons by a passage leading to the door on the right of the Speaker's chair.

In the pier between the two windows at the extreme end of the present apartment, or "House," is placed the throne, upon the identical carpet of its predecessor, which had been taken up for cleaning previous to the late fire, and was thus saved. The throne is not new; it being that built for George the Fourth, when Prince Regent, in the Gold Room at Carlton House. It has, however, been considerably altered, and newly embellished.

On the right of the throne is the King's entrance-doorway, and on the same side is a window, fronting a blank wall: nearly facing are two other windows, which command an interesting scene of the dismantled walls and picturesque ruins of St. Stephen's Chapel; the removal of the brick buildings and remains of Mr. Lee's offices opening the view of this beautiful specimen of olden architecture. Over the throne, Sir Robert Smirke has filled up the small, original window, and opened, higher, another of five lights. The ceiling of the apartment is of wood, divided by moulded ribs and binders, with a boss or pendent at every other intersection; from which points will be suspended splendid chandeliers. The walls are boarded, grained, and varnished to the height of nine feet above the gallery, whence they are crimson papered, as is also the end above the throne, to the ceiling.

The Royal Entrance remains as before; but, instead of first proceeding to the Painted Chamber, (now the House of Lords,) his Majesty will proceed at once to the Library, whence a passage leads direct to the throne.

In connexion with the alterations of the Painted Chamber, generally, it may be interesting to turn to the Engraving of the Interior of that ancient apartment, at page 377, vol. xxiv. of the *Mirror*.

An Engraving and Description of the New House of Commons will be found at page 104 of the present sheet. For the dimensions and other details, our acknowledgments are due to the *Sunday Times* of January 24.

### THE PENGUIN.

(To the Editor.)

I WAS much pleased with the account in the *Mirror*, No. 703, page 55, of that curious bird the Penguin, and greatly amused with the *Hoodish* cut representing a group of them.

My object in addressing you is, to state that the name is taken from the Welsh word, *Pengwyn*, Whitehead — (*pen*, head; *gwyn*, white,) and was most probably given to the bird, by some Welsh sailors, on seeing its white breast. In the cut you gave, the heads of the birds appear black, but that may arise from the artist's wish to give effect to the light and shade. The question would be solved, if any of your readers could assert, from actual observation, whether the heads be white or not. Davis, who discovered, in 1585, the straits which are called after his name, was of Welsh parents, although born in Devonshire: might he not have given the name of *Pengwyn* to the bird?

I. P.

### TO THE FALLING FLAKES OF SNOW.

FAIR children of the icy cloud, descending  
To the damp sod that soon must be your grave!  
Why so precipitately are ye wrending  
Your airy way? Ill-fated! can ye save  
Yourselves from dissolution? Ye are teeming  
To your last bourne—only while 'round you rave  
The fitful breezes, then a moment pending,  
Ye hold the being those light lovers gave:  
That aerial being fails, and quickly ending  
Your trackless voyage, Earth's dusky breast ye  
lave,  
Till lost for evermore, ye sink in the dark wave.  
Fifty are ye the life of man portraying—  
The wanderer, unknowing where or why,  
A moment shines 'mid clouds and darkness straying—  
A little moment lingers on the eye;  
Upheld by Hope's high gales around him playing,  
Or Love's deceitful airs that flutter by,  
Or Passion's whirlwind, his descent upstaying  
To speed his final fall, when he shall lie  
A wreck upon the earth, like you decaying.  
Who, like you, had his being from on high:  
So fare the bright and pure, when outcasts of the  
sky.

### The Naturalist.

#### THE YEW-TREE.

Description of an ancient Yew-tree, in Warblington Churchyard, near Portsmouth, with some Remarks on Yew-trees generally, by HENRY WILLIAM DREW-HURST, Esq., Professor of Zoology and Natural Theology.

(Read to the Verulam Philosophical Society, Jan. 7, 1835.)

THROUGH the kindness of the Rev. William Norris, Rector of Warblington, one of our Honorary Associates, I am enabled to exhibit to your notice, an original portrait of a very ancient yew-tree, in Warblington Churchyard. "It measures," says this gentleman, "twenty-six feet in circumference, in the largest part of its trunk, and although it occasionally shows symptoms of decay, it is not hollow. It seems to possess the power of renewing itself, and supplying any decay from its natural resources. It is believed by all judges to be many centuries old; some think it may have witnessed the Conquest:

\* Extra  
1834.  
† Brand

but there is no story or tradition respecting it."\*

The *Taxus Baccata*, or yew-tree, is a native of Europe, North America, and Japan, particularly in mountainous woods, or the clefts of high calcareous rocks. It is indigenous in England and Scotland, and is supposed formerly to have grown wild in Ireland also, by the numbers found there in a fossil state; but at present there are none but planted yews growing in that country.

It was a custom with our ancestors to plant yews near their houses and churches. Dr. Aikin supposes it to have been planted near houses, merely for the absurd purpose of forming it into grotesque figures; the yew being particularly submissive to such treatment. Dr. Hunter informs us, that they were placed there to be at hand for the sturdy bows of our warlike ancestors,

"who drew,

And almost joined the horns of the tough yew."

Both may, in some degree, be correct: they may have furnished bows, whilst bows were in fashion with our warriors, and afterwards have been converted into the figures alluded to by Dr. Aikin. It would be, I think, exceedingly incorrect to state that these two fashions could have existed at once; for, on the eve of a new war, it would have been almost lamentable to have witnessed the yews divested of their natural beauty, and destroyed; besides, the wood would not have been immediately in a proper condition for the construction of bows. Again, for the custom of planting the yew in churchyards, Dr. Aikin considered it very probable that it arose from the circumstance of its being an evergreen, and thereby furnishing the churchwardens with boughs for the internal decoration of their churches. This supposition, however, is incorrect: for the yew does not appear to have been commonly used for that purpose. Mr. Brand † informs us, that the plants chiefly employed for this purpose at the Christmas season, are the bay, rosemary, holly, ivy, and mistletoe. Cypress is added upon one occasion, and Mr. Brand observes: "In this account, the cypress is quite a new article: indeed, I should as soon have expected to see the yew as the cypress used on this joyful occasion." The Editor of Mr. Brand's work has inserted a note on this passage, saying that Coles, in his *Art of Simpling*, affirms that "in some places, the setting up of holly, ivy, rosemary, bays, yew, &c. in churching at Christmas, is still in use; and that Parkinson speaks of houses being adorned with box and yew." This passage makes it appear that yew was not very generally used at the Christmas festival; and had a tree been

planted in churchyards for that use, it would more likely have been the holly, which was never omitted in Christmas decoration.

Sir Thomas Browne supposes the planting of yews in churchyards to derive its origin from ancient funeral rites, being, on account of its perpetual verdure, used as an emblem of the resurrection of the dead. Mr. Evelyn is of the same opinion. Dr. Hunter thinks that the best reason which can be given is, that the branches of the yew were often carried in sacred processions on Palm Sunday, instead of the palm, and gives from Coxton's *Directions for keeping all the feasts of the year*, as decisive on this point:—

"Wherefor holy Church this daie maketh solemne processione, in mynde of the processione that Christe mayde this daie: butt for eucheson that we have none olive that beareth greene leaf, algate therefore we take yew instead of palm and olive, and beare about in processione: and so is this daie called Palm Sundaie."—"As a confirmation of this fact," adds Dr. Hunter, "the yew-trees in the churchyards of East Kent are to this day called palms."

Dr. Hunter supposes the yew to have been planted in churchyards for the purpose of making bows, and such places particularly chosen, because fenced from cattle. But to this Mr. Brand very justly objects, that other plantations also are fenced from cattle, adding, Why, too, should there usually be but one yew-tree in each churchyard? These were evidently placed near the church for some religious purpose, from the great value set upon a consecrated yew, in comparison with another yew-tree that was unconsecrated, in a list of the comparative value of trees, taken, as Martyn tells us, from the ancient laws of the principality of Wales.‡

"Our forefathers," continues Martyn, "were particularly careful to preserve this funeral tree, whose branches it was usual to carry in solemn procession to the grave, and afterwards to deposit therein, under the bodies of their departed friends. Mr. Ray states, that our ancestors planted the yew-tree in churchyards as an evergreen tree, because it was a symbol of that glorious immortality which they hoped and expected for the persons there deposited. For the same reason, this and other evergreen trees, are even yet carried in funerals, and thrown into the grave with the body; in some parts of England, and in Wales, planted with flowers upon the grave itself.¶

Sir Thomas Browne observes that the Christian custom of decking the coffin with bay (or yew) is an elegant emblem; because this last-mentioned tree, when apparently dead, has frequently been known to revive

‡ Ibid.

¶ For this List see *Mirror*, vol. xlii. p. 310.

§ Martyn's Edition of Miller's *Gardener's Dictionary*.

\* Extract of the Rev. W. Norris's letter, July 21st, 1834.

† Brand's *Popular Antiquities*, 4to. vol. i. p. 408.

from its root, and ultimately resume its former verdure and beauty. From the following passage in Shakspeare, we may naturally suppose that the sprigs of yew were put *within* the coffin also :

" My shroud of white, stuck all with yew,  
O prepare it."

Dr. Blair, in addressing himself to the grave, thus observes :

" Well do I know thee by thy trusty yew,  
Cheerless, unsocial plant, that loves to dwell  
Midst skulls and coffins, epitaphs and worms ;  
Where light-heeled ghosts and visionary shades,  
Beneath the wan, cold moon, (so fame reports,  
Embodied, thick, perform their mystic rounds.)  
No other merriment, dull tree ! is thine."

Churchill thus alludes to

" The yew, which, in the place of sculptured stone,  
Marks out the resting place of men unknown."

Harte very appropriately places yew and cypress in the same avenue, leading to the palace of Death :

" Dark cypresses the skirting sides adorned,  
And gloomy yew-trees, which for ever mourned."  
*Vision of Death.*

Sir Walter Scott thus beautifully describes the dull and melancholy appearance of the yew-tree :

" But here, 'twixt rock and river grew  
A dismal grove of sable yew,  
With whose sad tints were mingled seen,  
The blighted fir's sepulchral green :  
Seemed that the trees their shadows cast  
The earth that nourished them to blast ;  
For never knew that swarthy grove  
The verdant line that fairies love :  
Nor wilding green, nor woodland flower,  
Arose within its baleful bower ;  
The dank and sable earth receives  
Its only carpet from the leaves,  
That, from the withering branches cast,  
Bestrewed the ground with every blast."

*Rokeby, Canto ii.*

Clorin, in John Fletcher's *Faithfull Shepherdess*, having retired from the world after the loss of her lover, thus sings :

" Yon same dell,  
One topt with mourning cypresse and sad ewe,  
Shall be my cabin, where I'll early rewe,  
Before the sunne hath kist this dew away,  
The hard, uncertaine chance which Fate doth lay  
Upon this head."

The toughness of the yew-tree, with its uncommon pliancy, made it a very proper substance for the construction of bows ; and those made of yew were esteemed superior to every other. The flexibility of this tree is such, that it was considered without a rival for topiary works. Spenser terms it—

" The eugh obedient to the bender's will."

In the days of archery, the wood was in such request, that not finding at home a sufficient supply for the bowyers, the merchants were obliged by law to import four staves of it for every tun of goods coming from places whence bow-staves had formerly been brought. By an Act of Parliament passed in the fifth year of the reign of King Edward the Fourth, it was directed that

every Englishman in Ireland, and Irishman dwelling with Englishmen, should each have an English bow of his own height, made of yew, wych, hazel, ash, or awburne.\*

Formerly, observes the Rev. Mr. Gilpin, the yew was what the oak is now, the basis of our strength. Of it, the English yeoman made his long-bow, which he vaunted no body but an Englishman could bend. In shooting, he did not, as in other nations, keep his left hand steady, and draw his bow with the right ; but, keeping his hand at rest upon the nerve, he pressed the whole weight of his body into the horns of his bow. Hence arose the English phrase of *bending* a bow, and the French of *drawing* one.

The yew bow was not by any means confined to our ancestors, however ; though the English bow could be bent only by an Englishman. (Ulysses probably never made the attempt.) It is mentioned by Virgil, in his second *Georgic* :

" *Ityræos taxi torquentur in arcus.*"

" The yews were bent into Itryæan bows."

Professor Martyn observes that the Itryæi were a people of Cælo-Syria, famous for shooting with a bow.

The extraordinary celerity of two youths in a race, is beautifully expressed by a comparison with the flight of an arrow shot from a bow of yew, by Harte in his *Statius* :

" Each, like an arrow from the Parthian yew,  
Sent with full force, along the circus flew."

Spenser tells us, that when St. George fought with the dragon, the monster pounced upon him, snatched him and his horse from the ground, and

" Long he them bore above the subject plain,  
So far as yewen bow a shaft may send ;  
Till struggling strong did him at last constrain  
To let them down before its flightes end."

The yew is thus alluded to by Browne—

" The warlike yewgh, by which, more than the lance,  
The strong-arm'd English spiritus conquer'd France"

Chaucer and Fairfax poetically designate the tree as

" The shooter yew."

\* Supposed to be the alder.

(To be concluded in our next.) 119

## The Sketch-Book.

MARY MARCH.—A TALE OF NEWFOUNDLAND.

[THE following story, in its outline, is well known ;\* but its details may be new to the reader. We find them quoted in the *Journal of the Geographical Society*, (just published,) in an Analysis of "the Private Journal kept on board H. M. S. Favourite, on the Newfoundland Station." By Captain H. Robinson, R. N.]

\* It will be found in a note to an interesting Journey in Search of the Red Indians, in the *Mirror*, vol. xiv. p. 150.

From the war of extermination waged against the natives of Newfoundland by the Mic Macs, who had settled near St. George's Bay, and frequently came over in considerable numbers from Nova Scotia, and from the barbarous treatment which they formerly received at the hands of our early settlers in Newfoundland, they had entirely deserted the sea-coast, and by keeping within their woods and fastnesses, avoided all intercourse with strangers. Captain Buchan's attempt, in 1808, ending in the murder of his two marines left as hostages, appeared also to have put an end to the hopes that were entertained of civilizing this barbarous race. They had, however, of late years, frequently ventured down to the houses in the Bay of Exploits, for the purposes of plunder or of mischief; and, at length, Mr. Peyton, a settler, having suffered much from their depredations, went up the river with a party of ten or twelve men, to recover his property, and, if possible, communicate with his spoilers. Having travelled seventy miles on the snow, he surprised three natives at a little distance from their wigwams; one man, who appeared a chieftain, was very untractable, rejecting all overtures of friendship, and at last attacked old Peyton in so ferocious a manner, that the young man, to save his father's life, was obliged to shoot the savage. The woman who was in company, and was, as it afterwards appeared, the wife of the poor victim, did not fly, shed no tears, (a savage seldom weeps;) but, after a few minutes' violent struggle of emotions, which were visible in her intelligent countenance, anguish and horror appeared to give place to personal fear, and she went to the murderer of her husband, clung to his arm as if for protection, and, strange to say, a most devoted attachment appeared from that moment to have been produced towards him, which only ended with her life. To him alone, she was all gentleness, affection, and obedience; and the last act of her "brief, eventful history," was to take a ring from her finger, and beg it might be sent to John Peyton.

The tribe were in the neighbourhood of this disastrous meeting, and it was necessary that the Peytons should secure their retreat; they had a sley drawn by dogs, in which Waunathoke, or Mary March, (as she was afterwards named, and as we may now call her,) immediately placed herself, when she understood she was to accompany the party, and directed them by signs to cover her over, holding her legs out to have her moccasins laced; and both here and subsequently, by her helplessness, by the attention she appeared habitually to expect at the hands of others, and by her unacquaintance with any laborious employment, indicated either a superiority of station, or that she was accustomed to a treatment of female

savages very different from that of all other tribes. She was quite unlike an Esquimaux in face and figure, tall and rather stout-bodied, limbs very small and delicate, particularly her arms; her hands and feet were very small, and beautifully formed, and of these she was very proud; her complexion, a light copper colour, which became nearly as fair as a European's, after a course of washing and absence from smoke; her hair was black, which she delighted to comb and oil; her eyes larger and more intelligent than those of an Esquimaux; her teeth small, white and regular; her cheek-bones rather high; but her countenance had a mild and pleasing expression, (her miniature, taken by Lady Hamilton, is said to be strikingly like;) her voice was remarkably sweet, low and musical. When brought to Fogo, she was taken into the house of Mr. Leigh, the Church Missionary, where, for some time, she was ill at ease, and twice during the night attempted to escape to the woods, where she must have almost immediately perished in the snow. She was, however, carefully watched, and in a few weeks was tolerably reconciled to her situation, and appeared to enjoy the comforts of civilization, particularly the clothes; her own were of dressed deer-skins, tastefully trimmed with martin, but she would never put them on or part with them; she ate sparingly, disliked wine and spirits, was very fond of sleep, never getting up to breakfast before nine o'clock; she lay, rolled up in a ball, in the middle of her bed. Her extreme personal delicacy and propriety of conduct were very remarkable, and appeared more an innate feeling than any exhibition of tact or conventional usage. Her power of mimicry was very remarkable, and enabled her quickly to speak the language she heard; and before she could express herself, her signs and dumb show were curiously significant. She described the servants, blacksmith, tailor, shoemaker, a man who wore spectacles, and other persons whom she could not name, with a most happy minuteness of imitation. It is a beautiful provision, that savages and children, who have much to learn, should be such good mimics, as without that faculty they could learn nothing, and we observe it usually leaves them when they no longer want its assistance: to this we should often ascribe family resemblances, which we think are inherited.

But to return to Mary March;—she would sometimes, though rarely, speak freely to Mr. Leigh, and talk of her tribe. They believe in a Great Spirit, but seem to have no religious ceremonies. Polygamy does not appear to be practised. They live in separate wigwams, Mary's consisted of sixteen; the number was discovered in rather a curious manner. She went frequently to her bed-

room during the day, and when Mr. Leigh's housekeeper went up, she always found her rolled in a ball, apparently asleep; at last, a quantity of blue cloth was missed, and from the great jealousy that Mary showed about her trunk, suspicion fell upon her; her trunk was searched, and the cloth found, nicely converted into sixteen pairs of moccasins, which she had made in her bed: two pair of children's stockings were also found, made of a cotton nightcap. Mr. Leigh had lost one; but Mary answered angrily to all questions about her merchandise, "John Peyton, John Peyton;" meaning that he had given it her: at last, in the bottom of her trunk, the tassel of the cap, and the bit marked J. L. were found, when, looking stedfastly at Mr. Leigh, she pointed to her manufacture, and said slowly, "Yours," and ran into the woods; when brought back, she was very sulky, and remained so for several weeks. The poor captive had two children, and this was probably the tie that held her to her wigwam; for though she appeared, in many respects, to enjoy St. John's when she was taken there, and her improved habits of life, she, on the whole, but "dragged a lengthened chain;" for all her hopes and acts appeared to have a reference to her return. She hoarded clothes, trinkets, and any thing that was given her, and was fond of dividing them into sixteen shares. She was very obstinate, but was glad to be of any service in her power, if not asked to assist; she was playful, and was pleased with startling Mr. Leigh, by stealing behind him softly; her perception of anything ridiculous, and her general knowledge of character, showed much archness and sagacity: an unmarried man seemed an object of great ridicule to her. When she was taken to St. John's, on entering the harbour, she said to Messrs. Leigh and Peyton, "You go shore, Mr. Leigh—you go shore, John Peyton—when go shore, no emamoose, (wife or woman,) ha, ha, ha, ha!" She was quite indifferent to music, did not seem to perceive it; liked exhibiting herself to strangers, and was very fond of putting on and taking off all the dresses, ribbons, and ornaments that were given her. Mr. Leigh once drew on a bit of paper a boat and crew, with a female figure in it, going up a river, and stopping a moment at a wigwam, and described the boat, freighted as before, returning. Mary immediately applied the hieroglyphic, and cried out, "No, no, no, no." He then altered the drawing, taking the woman out, and leaving her behind at the wigwam, when she cried very joyfully, "Yes, yes, good for Mary." A variety of representations, more obscure than this, she perceived with great quickness, and had much satisfaction in the mode of communication.

She remained a short time at St. John's,

and acquired such facility in speaking English, that sanguine hopes of conciliating and opening a communication with her tribe, through her means, were entertained; and when Sir Charles Hamilton despatched Captain Buchan to the Bay of Exploits, to make the attempt, it was hoped for this poor, devoted handful of Indians that the measure of their sufferings was full, and that they were at last to be brought within the influence and blessings of civilization and Christianity. It was ordered otherwise; the change of dress, or change of living, or whatever it may be, that operates so fatally on savages separated from their native habits, spared not poor Mary. She left St. John's with a bad cough, and died of consumption, on making the Bay of Exploits, aged twenty-four. Captain Buchan, after a laborious march, reached the wigwams, but found them empty; and he deposited there the coffin of Mary, with her presents, dresses, moccasins, &c. The experiment, I think, was hazardous; the Indians, on returning, may possibly perceive the truth, or they may, as more in accordance with their past experience, fancy poison, insult, or any of the barbarities practised on their forefathers, the tradition of which they carefully preserve.

## Useful Arts.

### THE FIRST SILK MILL.

THE original mill, called "The Silk Mill," to denote its pre-eminence, being the first and largest of its kind ever erected in England, stands upon an island in the river Derwent, in Derbyshire. Its history is remarkable, as it denotes the power of genius, and the vast influence which even the enterprises of an individual have on the commerce of a country.

The Italians were long in exclusive possession of the art of silk-throwing: the merchants of other nations were, consequently, dependent on that people for their participation in a very lucrative article of trade, and were frequently deprived of their fair profits by the exorbitant prices charged for the original material. This state of things continued till the commencement of the last century, when a person named Crocket, erected a small mill, near the present works, with the intention of introducing the manufacture of silk into England; but his machinery being inadequate to the purpose, he soon became insolvent, and the design was for some time abandoned. At length, about the year 1715, a similar idea began to expand in the mind of an excellent mechanic, and draughtsman, named John Lombe, who, though young, resolved on the perilous enterprise of travelling into Italy, to procure drawings or models of the machines necessary for the undertaking. In Italy he remained some time, but as admin-



sion to the silk mill was prohibited, he could only obtain access by bribing two of the workmen, through whose assistance he secretly inspected the machinery; and whatever parts he obtained a knowledge of during these visits, he recorded on paper before he slept. By perseverance in this mode of inquiry, he made himself acquainted with the whole; and had just completed his plan, when his intention was discovered, and his life being in extreme danger, he fled with precipitation, and took refuge on shipboard. The two Italians who had favoured his scheme, and whose lives were in equal danger with his own, accompanied him; and they all landed in safety in England, about the year 1717. Fixing on Derby as a proper place for his project, he agreed with the Corporation for an island, or swamp, in the river, five hundred feet long and fifty-two feet wide, at a rent somewhat below 8*l.* per annum. Here he established his silk mill; but during the time employed in its construction, he erected temporary machines in the Town Hall, and various other places; by which means he not only reduced the price of silk far below the Italians, but was likewise enabled to proceed with his greater undertaking, though the expenses amounted to nearly 30,000*l.* In the year 1718, he procured a patent to enable him to secure the profits thus arising from his ingenuity, for the term of fourteen years: but his days verged to a close, and before half this period had elapsed, treachery and poison had brought him to the grave. The Italians, whose trade rapidly decreased from the success of the new establishment, were exasperated to vengeance, and vowed the destruction of the man, who had turned the current of their business into another channel. An artful woman was sent from Italy in the character of a friend; she associated with the parties, and was permitted to assist in the preparation of the silk. Her influence was privately exerted on the natives who had fled with Mr. Lombe from Italy, and succeeding with one, she prepared to exert her long meditated plan of revenge. The victim lingered in agony two or three years, when the springs of life being completely exhausted, he breathed his last. Slow poison is supposed to have been the means employed to deprive him of existence; and though suspicion was almost strengthened into certainty, by the circumstances that transpired on the examination of Madame —, the evidence was not decisive, and, consequently, she was discharged. Her associate had previously fled to his own country. The other Italian, whose name was Gartrevalli, continued at Derby, and afterwards wrought at a silk mill erected at Stockport, in Cheshire; but he died in poverty. The funeral of Mr. John Lombe was celebrated in a style of great magnificence. He died on the

16th and was buried on the 22nd of March, 1732.

The extensive fabric, which contains the machinery of the silk mill, stands upon huge piles of oak, doubly planked and covered with stonework, on which are turned thirteen stone arches, which support the walls. The whole length of the building is 110 feet; its breadth is 39 feet, and height 55 ft. 6 in. It contains five stories besides the underworks, and is lighted by 468 windows. In the three upper stories are the Italian winding engines, which are placed in a regular manner across the apartments, and furnished with many thousand swifts and spindles, and engines for working them. In the lower rooms are the spinning and twist mills, which are all of a circular form, and are turned by upright shafts passing through their centres, and communicating with shafts from the water wheel. Their diameter is between 12 and 13 feet, and their height 19 feet 8 inches. The spinning mills are eight in number, and give motion to upwards of 25,000 bobbins reels, and nearly 3,000 star wheels belonging to the reels. Each of the four twist mills contains four rounds of spindles, about 389 of which are connected with each mill, as well as numerous reels, bobbins, star-wheels, &c.

The whole of this elaborate machine, for one only it is, though distributed through five large apartments, is put in motion by a single water wheel, 23 feet in diameter, situated on the west side of the building. An adequate idea of its complicated assemblage of wheels and movements cannot be conveyed by words; to be distinctly conceived, it must be seen; and even then considerably more time is requisite to obtain a knowledge of its parts, and of their dependence on each other, than is generally allotted by the casual visiter. All is whirling, and in motion, and appears as if directed and animated by some invisible power; yet, mutually dependent as every part is, any one of them may be stopped and separated at pleasure. This arises from every movement being performed by two wheels, one of which is turned by the other; but when separated, the latter preserves its rotatory motion, whilst the other stops, as the impelling power no longer operates. The whole number of wheels is about 14,000. All the operations are performed here, from winding the raw silk, to organizing it for the weavers. The raw silk is chiefly brought in skeins, or hanks, from China and Piedmont; that produced in the former country is perfectly white, but the produce of the latter is of a light, yellow colour. The skein is first placed on a hexagonal wheel, or swift, and the filaments of which it is composed are regularly wound off upon a small, cylindrical block of wood, or bobbin. To wind a single skein is the work of five or six days, though

the machine is kept in motion ten hours daily; so astonishingly fine are the filaments of which the skein is composed. In this part of the process, many children are employed, whose nimble fingers are kept in continual exercise by tying the threads which break, and removing the burs and uneven parts, some of which are cases that the silk-worm fabricates for its own grave, or rather, for its dormitory, while nature prepares it for a new mode of existence. The silk thus wound upon the bobbins, is afterwards twisted by other parts of the machinery, and is sent to the doublers, who are chiefly women stationed in a detached building: this stands on the same island, on piles like the silk mill, and though not half so broad is nearly thirty feet longer. Here four, seven, or ten of the threads are united into one, according to the uses for which the silk is designed; the fine kind going to the stocking weaver, the other to the manufacturer of waistcoat pieces, &c.

The following curious account of this mill is given by Mr. Cole: "The silk mills here are truly a most useful curiosity, which are situate on the river Derwent, and belong to Sir Thomas Lombe, Alderman of London, who with his brother, discovered this noble and advantageous machine in Italy, and established it in England, where now any one that can, may erect mills of the same sort, Sir Thomas having quitted his claim to a patent for 14,000*l.* given him by the Parliament. This machine for making Italian Organzine silk, contains 26,586 wheels, 97,746 movements; all receive their motion from one water wheel, and may any of them

be stopped separately; they work day and night, 73,728 yards of silk every time the said wheel goes round, or 221,184 yards in one minute." — [From *A Walk through Derby, 1827*, an entertaining little work.]

### THE NEW HOUSE OF COMMONS,

CONSTRUCTED within the walls of the former House of Lords, is a spacious apartment about 80 feet long, 40 feet wide, and nearly 30 feet high. It is altogether of less ornamental character than the new House of Lords, engraved at page 97. The floor, on each side, is raised three steps, as in the Lords, but, has four tiers of seats instead of three; and the entrance end is elevated by five or six steps, admitting a passage way on the level of the floor in the centre, over which is a large gallery for strangers, to contain two or three hundred persons, it being entirely over the lobby. There is also a gallery on each side for the members, with three tiers of seats in each, the whole length of the room. The seats are of the finest oak, covered with green Spanish leather.

Immediately over the Speaker's Chair is a gallery for the reporters only; adjoining which is a small room for waiting, and writing out from their notes. Beside the Chair is a door leading to the Speaker's robing and retiring room; and another door, on the right, leading to the House of Lords. The adjoining committee rooms have been restored, with additions, and a withdrawing room for strangers.

The ceiling of the House shows the tie-beams, which have plain mouldings and cornices, and six circular ventilators, whence are suspended handsome chandeliers. The House



(House of Commons.)



is entirely lighted by semicircular windows, higher than formerly. The sides are boarded to about seven or eight feet above the galleries; and above that are coloured to imitate grey granite: the end over the Speaker's chair is ornamented with two pilasters.

Both Houses and the adjoining apartments are heated by steam.

It should be mentioned that the embellishments throughout the new Houses are of a material probably unsuspected by our readers, it being an improved *papier mâché*, (similar to the tea-tray material,) the manufacture of which has been carried to high perfection by Mr. F. C. Bielefeld, the artist of these ornaments. Thus, he has modelled, in *papier mâché*, the Royal Arms over the Speaker's Chair, and the ventilators in the ceiling, in the House of Commons; and all the mouldings, cornices, foliage, crockets, and pendants, on the walls and ceiling of the House of Lords.

### New Books.

HOOD'S COMIC ANNUAL FOR 1835.

*The Run-over.*

"Do you see that ere gentleman in the buggy, with the clipt un?" inquired Ned Stocker, as he pointed with his whip at a chaise, some fifty yards in advance. "Well, for all he's driving there so easy like, and comfortable, he once had a gig-shaft, and that's a fact, driv right through his body!"

"Rather him than me," drawled a passenger on the box, without removing his cigar from his mouth.

"It's true for all that," returned Ned, with a nod of his head equal to an affidavit. "The shaft run in under one armpit, right up to the tug, and out again at t'other, besides pinning him to the wall of the stable—and that's a thing such as don't happen every day."

"Lucky it don't," said the smoker, between two puffs of his cigar.

"It an't likely to come often," resumed Ned, "let alone the getting over it afterwards, which is the wonderfulest part of it all. To see him bowling along there, he don't look like a man pinned to a stable-wall with the rod through him, right up to the tug—do he!"

"Can't say he does," said the smoker.

"For my part," said Ned, "or indeed any man's part, most people in such a case would have said, it's all up with me, and good reason why, as I said afore, with a shaft clean through your inside, right up to the tug—and two inches besides into the stable-wall by way of a benefit. But somehow he always stuck to it—not the wall, you know—but his own opinion, that he should get over it—he was as firm as flints about

that—and sure enough the event came off exactly."

"The better for him," said the smoker.

"I don't know the rights on it," said Ned, "for I warn't there—but they do say when he was dextricated from the rod, there was a regular tunnel through him, and in course the greatest danger was of his ketching cold in the lungs from the thorough draught."

"Nothing more likely," said the fumigator.

"Howsomever," continued Ned, "he was cured by Dr. Maiden of Stratford, who giv him lots of physic to provoke his stomach, and make him eat hearty: and by taking his feeds well,—warm mashies at first, and then hard meat, in course of time he filled up. Nobody hardly believed it, though when they see him about on his legs again—myself for one—but he always said he would overcome it, and he was as good as his word. If that an't game, I don't know what is."

"No more do I," said the man with the Havannah.

"I don't know the philosophy on it," resumed Ned, "but it's a remark of mine about recovering, if a man says he will, he will,—and if he says he won't, he won't—you may book that for certain. Mayhap a good pluck helps the wounds in healing kindly,—but so it is, for I've observed it: You'll see one man with hardly a scratch on his face, and says he, I'm done for—and he turns out quite correct—while another as is cut to ribbons will say—never mind—I'm good for another round, and so he proves, particularly if he's one of your small farmers. I'll give you a reason why."

"Now then," said the smoker.

"My reason is," replied Ned, "that they're all as hard as nails—regular pebbles for game. They take more thrashing than their own corn, and that's saying something. They're all fortitude, and nothing else. Talk about punishment, nothing comes amiss to 'em, from butt-ends of whips and brickbats, down to bludgeons loaded with lead. You can't hurt their feelings. They're jist like badgers, the more you welt 'em the more they grin, and when it's over, maybe a turn-up at a cattle fair, or a stop by footpads, they'll go home to their missuses all over blood and wounds as cool and comfortable as cowcumbers, with holes in their heads enough to scarify a whole hospital of army surgeons."

"The very thing Scott has characterized," I ventured to observe, "in the person of honest Dandie."

"Begging your pardon, Sir," said Ned, "I know Farmer Scott very well, and he's any thing but a dandy. I was just a going to bring forward, as one of the trumps, a regular out-and-outer. We become friends through an accident. Is was a darkish night you see, and him a little lussy or so, making

a bit of a swerve in his going towards the middle of the road, before you could cry Snacks! I was over him with the old Regulator."

"Good God!" exclaimed my left-hand companion on the roof. "Was not the poor fellow much hurt?"

"Why, not much for him," answered Ned, with a very decided emphasis on the pronoun. "Though it would have been a quietus for nine men out of ten, and, as the Jews say, Take your pick of the basket. But he looked queer at first, and shook himself, and made a wryish face, like a man that hadn't got the exact bit of the joint he preferred."

"Looked queer!" ejaculated the compassionate passenger, "he must have looked dreadful! I remember the Regulator, one of the oldest and heaviest vehicles on the road. But of course you picked him up, and got him inside, and——"

"Quite the reverse," answered Ned, quietly, "and far from it; he picked himself up, quite independent, and wouldn't even accept a lift on the box. He only felt about his head a bit, and then his back, and his arms, and his thighs, and his lines, and after that he giv a nod, and says he, 'all right,' and away he toddled."

"I can't credit it," exclaimed the man on the roof.

"That's just what his wife said," replied Ned, with considerable composure, in spite of the slur on his veracity. "Let alone two black eyes, and his collar bone, and the broke rib, he'd a hole in his head, with a flint sticking in it bigger than any one you can find since Macadaming. But he made so light on it all, and not being very clear besides in his notions, I'm blest if he didn't tell her he'd only been knockt down by a man with a truck!"

"Not a bad story," said the smoker, on the box.

I confess I made internally a parallel remark. Naturally robust as my faith is, I could not, as Hamlet says, let "Belief lay hold of me," with the coachman's narrative in his hand, like a copy of a writ. I am no stranger, indeed, to the peculiar hardihood of our native yeomanry; but Ned, in his zeal for their credit, had certainly overdrawn the truth. As to his doctrines of presentiments, it had never been one of the subjects of my speculations; but on a superficial view, it appeared to me improbable that life or death, in cases of casualty, could be predetermined with such certainty as he had avowed; and, particularly, as I happen to know a certain lady, who has been accepting the Bills of Mortality at two months' date, for many years past—but has never honoured them when due. It was fated, however, that honest Ned was to be confirmed in his theories and corroborated in his facts.

We had scarcely trotted half a mile in meditative silence, when we overtook a sturdy pedestrian, who was pacing the breadth as well as the length of the road, rather more like a land surveyor than a mere traveller. He evidently belonged to the agricultural class, which Ned had distinguished by the title of small farmers. Like Scott's Liddesdale Yeoman, he wore a shaggy dreadnought, below which you saw two well-fatted calves, penned in a pair of huge top-boots—the tops and the boots being of such different shades of brown as you may observe in two arable fields of various soil, a rich loam and a clay. In his hand he carried a formidable knotted club-stick, and a member of the Herald's College would have set him down at once a tenant of the Earl of Leicester, he looked so like a bear with a ragged staff.

I observed that Ned seemed anxious. One of his leaders was a bolter, and his wheelers were far from steady; and the man ahead walked not quite so straightly as if he had been ploughing a furrow. We were almost upon him—Ned gave a sharp halloo—the man looked back, and wavered. A minute decided the matter. He escaped Scylla, but Charybdis yawned for him—in plain prose, he cleared the Rocket, but contrived to get under the broad wheel of a Warwickshire wagon, which was passing in the opposite direction. There was still a chance—even a fly-wagon may be stopped without much notice—but the wagoner was inside, sweet-heating with three maids that were going to Coventry. Every voice cried out Woh! but the right one. The horses plodded on—the wheels rumbled—the bells jingled—we all thought a knell.

Ned instantly pulled up, with his team upon their haunches—we all alighted, and in a moment the sixteen the Rocket was licensed to carry were at the fatal spot. In the midst of the circle lay, what we considered a bundle of last linen just come home from the mangle.

"That's a dead un," said the smoker, throwing away as he spoke the butt-end of a cigar.

"Poor wretch," exclaimed the humane man from the roof, "what a shocking spectacle."

"It's over his chest," said I.

"It's all over," said the passenger on my right.

"And a happy release," said a lady on my left; "he must have been a cripple for life."

"He can't have a whole rib in his body," said a man from the dickey.

"Hall to hattums," said a gentleman from the inside.

"The worst I ever see, and I've had the good luck to see many," said the guard.

"No, he can't get over that," said Ned himself.

To our astonishment, however, the human mass still breathed. After a long sigh it opened one eye—the right—then the other—the mouth gasped—the tongue moved—and at last even spoke, though in disjointed syllables.

"We're nigh—hand—an't we—the nine—mile-stun?"

"Yes—yes—close to it," answered a dozen voices, and one in its bewilderment asked, "do you live there?" but was set right by the sufferer himself.

"No—a mile fudder."

"Where is there a surgeon?" asked the humane man, "I will ride off for him on one of the leaders."

"Better not," said the phlegmatic smoker, who had lighted a fresh cigar with some German tinder and a Lucifer—"not used to saddle—may want a surgeon yourself."

"Is there never a doctor among the company?" inquired the guard.

"I am a medical man," replied a squat, vulgar-looking personage. "I sell Morison's pills—but I haven't any about me."

"Glad of it," said the smoker, casting a long puff in the other's face.

"Poor wretch," sighed the compassionate man. "He is beyond human aid. Heaven help the widow and the fatherless—he looks like a family man!"

"I were not to blame," said the waggoner. "The wofe and childerin can't coom upon I."

"Does any one know who he is?" inquired the coachman, but there was no answer.

"Maybe the gemman has a card or summut," said the gentleman from the inside.

"Is there no house near?" inquired the lady.

"For to get a shutter off on," added the gentleman.

"Ought we not to procure a postchaise," inquired a gentleman's footman.

"Or a shell, in case," suggested the man from the dickey.

"Shell be hanged!" said the sufferer, in a tone that made us all jump a yard backwards.

"Stick me up agin the mile-stun—there, easy does it—that's comfortable—and now tell me, and no nonsense.—be I flat?"

"A little pancakey," said the man with the cigar.

"I say," repeated the sufferer, with some earnestness, "be I flat—quite flat—as flat like as a sheet of paper? Yes or no?"

"No, no, no," burst from sixteen voices at once, and the assurance seemed to take as great a load off his mind as had lately passed over his body. By an effort he contrived to get up and sit upon the milestone, from which he waved us a goodbye, accompanied by the following words:—

"Gentlefolk, my best thanks and my service to you, and a pleasant journey. Don't

consarn yourselves about me, for there's nothing dangerous. I shall do well, I know I shall; and I'll tell you what I go upon—if I bea'n't flat I shall get round."

#### THE COMPANION TO THE ALMANAC

[PROGRESSES in its undisputed character for utility and public interest. It is, certainly, the best half-crown's-worth of general information that any fact collector can purchase. The labour and expense of assembling and condensing its contents must be very considerable, and its closely-packed details will astonish the readers of tonish novels, between the lines of which you may lay a finger. The Companion opens appropriately with a paper on Halley's Comet, and a chart of its track through the heavens. In this paper it is observed, "small as the chance may be of seeing it with the naked eye, many will doubtless be led by curiosity to attempt to find it. The first ten days of October, if fine, will be favourable for this purpose, as during that time the comet will never set, and will be far from the sun. In the *Nautical Almanac* will be found an ephemeris of the times at which it comes on the meridian for every successive day; but this would be of no use whatever to the observer with the naked eye, as the transit generally takes place in the day-time. The best method will be for the would-be discoverer to make himself perfectly acquainted beforehand with the several stars which lie near the track of the comet. In the neighbourhood of these, he should look carefully at any part of the night when they are very clear, keeping his eye free from any dazzling light (such as candlelight) for some minutes previously. The possessor of a globe should lay down the positions upon it from the *Nautical Almanac*."

In a paper on the Tides, Mr. Lubbock acknowledges himself indebted to Sir J. Hall for the following information respecting the influence of the wind upon the tides in the river Thames:—"During strong north-westerly gales; the tide marks high water earlier than otherwise, and does not give so much water, whilst the ebb-tide runs out later, and marks lower; but upon the gales abating, and the weather moderating, the tides put in, and rise much higher, whilst they also run longer before high water is marked, and with more velocity of current, nor do they run out so long or so low. The reason assigned for all this is, that the strong north-west winds drive the sea along the Dutch coast, through the straits of Dover, and consequently away from the mouth of the Thames; so that the tides during north-west winds, are always much higher (producing frequently ruinous flooding) on the Dutch, than upon the English coast. A south-westerly gale has a contrary effect gene-

rally, and an easterly one gives some water; but the tides, in all these cases, always improve the moment the weather moderates."

In the same paper are the following results obtained by Mr. Hudson, who, with scientific zeal, observed several barometers hourly for fifteen days, at the apartments of the Royal Society, in 1831 and 1832:—

It appears that in London the greatest heights of the barometer take place about ten o'clock in the morning and eleven at night; and that the least heights take place about five in the morning and five in the afternoon, the whole range being about one-fiftieth of an inch. Mr. Hudson has found, that the smaller the bore of the barometer tube is, to a certain extent, the more *sluggish* it is; so that a barometer of which the bore is half an inch, is, on an average, about an hour in advance of one whose bore is only one-seventh of an inch.

[In a sensible digest of the Bills of Mortality are some curious notices of the diseases of past and present times. Thus:—]

Many of the casualties formerly recorded are curious, and some of a kind which we may hope can never recur; for instance—

Died from want (in Newgate)	- - -	1 in 1724
Murdered in the pillory	- - -	1 in 1732
Killed in the pillory	- - -	1 in 1736
Choked with fat	- - -	1 in 1744
Ditto	- - -	2 in 1745
Licked by a mad dog	- - -	2 in 1757

By the by, old Graunt congratulates his fellow-citizens on the small number of persons starved in London. His words are—

"My first observation is, that few are *starved*. This appears for that of the 229,250 which have died, we find not above fifty-one to have been *starved*, excepting helpless *infants* at nurse, which being caused rather by carelessness, ignorance, and infirmity of the milch-women, is not properly an effect, or sign of want of food in the country, or of means to get it."

Another item makes him triumph in a similar manner:—"My next observation is, that but few are *murdered*, viz., not above 86 of the 229,250 which have died of other diseases and casualties; whereas, in Paris, few nights scape without their tragedie."

[Of deaths by old age, in the past year, it is observed:—]

A very large number of deaths (2,952) is attributed to *age* and *debility*, yet few even of the oldest die purely from exhaustion or gradual decay. Some positive disease usually comes on and overwhelms the small remains of vitality; yet this event, though rare, is by no means impossible. Such a death is really what the poets call it, a sleep; to use the words of Dr. Wilson Philip, in his "Inquiry into the Nature of Sleep and Death,"—"In the only death which can strictly be called natural, the state of the sensitive system

which immediately precedes death, differs from its state in sleep in no respect but in degree." At what age may this euthanasia be expected? We will give the axiom of the Hebrew poet as our answer:—"The days of our age are three-score years and ten; and though men be so strong that they come to fourscore years, yet is their strength then but labour and sorrow; so soon passeth it away, and we are gone." In this part of the world, we may add five or six to the four-score years, the wear and tear of life being smaller in these temperate climes than under the glowing sun of Palestine; and accordingly we find Blumenbach, in his "Physiology," fixing on eighty-six as the limit of human life. On looking over European bills of mortality, he found, he says that a considerable number attained this age, but few indeed went beyond it.

Of cholera.—In the preceding yearly bill, this disease carried the number of deaths beyond that of the christenings, and in the present one, the former fall short of the latter by 523 only. Without, therefore, calling it a plague or a pestilence, it must be allowed to be an epidemic of very serious character. No specific, nay more, no tolerable method of treatment has, as yet, been discovered. Laudanum and brandy, calomel with cold water, salt-and-water emetics, and a hundred other remedies, have been successively extolled by partial practitioners, and have successively failed in the hands of impartial ones.

[A paper on the Statistics of Crime in France will be read with interest, as will an elaborate view of the "Occupations of the People," condensed from the complete Population Returns of 1831. As a specimen of this almost entertaining document, we quote a county.]

#### NOTTINGHAM.

Occupiers of land employing labourers	- -	2,643
Occupiers of land not employing labourers	- -	2,414
Labourers employed in agriculture	- - -	11,799
Employed in manufacture	- - -	14,260
Employed in retail trade or handicraft	- - -	14,683
Capitalists, bankers, &c.	- - -	2,693
Labourers not agricultural	- - -	5,628
Other males 20 years of age	- - -	2,339
Male servants	- - -	1,132
Female servants	- - -	7,886

The manufacture of stockings and lace is so considerable in the county of Nottingham as to employ 13,600 men; at Nottingham, 4,740; at Radford, 1,300; at Mansfield, 800; at Sutton-in-Ashfield, nearly 800; at Basford, 750; at Snettont, 430; at Hucknall-Torkard, Beeston, Linton, and Carlton upwards of 300 each; at Bulwell, Greasley, and Calverton, about 250 each; at Kirby-in-Ashfield, Mansfield-Woodhouse, Stapleford, Southwell, Lamley, Ruddington, and Selston, between 200 and 100 each. In most of the places here named, the manufacture of stockings, lace, frame-work machinery, and the

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materials of the lace manufacture, are so intermingled as not to be distinguishable in a general description; 50 linen-weavers are mentioned at Newark, and 19 at Hawton; sackings are made at West Retford; candlewicks at Gamston.

[Papers follow upon the English and French Tariffs, the New Weights and Measures' Act, and Savings' Bank Returns. In the latter we find the gratifying fact that, in the year 1833, the trustees of Savings' Banks and Friendly Societies paid in upwards of a million of money. From a Table of the Dioceses of England, we learn that the number of benefices is 10,533; parishes, 11,077; and churches and chapels, 11,825. We could select a page of striking facts from the Parliamentary Abstracts, but must be contented with a few; as, the length of Turnpike Roads in England is 24,541 miles, to keep which in repair costs a million and a quarter of money in one year.]

**Fish Condemned.**—The total number of fish seized and condemned as unfit for food, in the city or port of London, during the last three years ending 1833, amounts to 492,538. This number comprises the various descriptions of fish commonly exposed for sale, salmon, turbot, cod, herrings, mackerel, lobsters, crabs, &c. In addition to this number, there were seized and condemned, 3,525 bushels of sprats and small shell-fish, and 126 kits of pickled salmon.

**British Museum.**—The number of persons admitted to view the British Museum has been more than doubled since 1831; it was in that year 99,912; in 1832, 147,896; and in 1833, 210,495. The number of visits to the reading-rooms, for the purpose of study or research, was 46,800 in 1832, and 58,800 in 1833. The number of visits, by artists and students, to the galleries of sculpture, for the purpose of study, was 4,740 in 1832, and 4,490 in 1833. The number of visits to the print-room was about 4,400 in 1832, and about 2,900 in 1833.

[Of the Public Improvements we have already spoken, with illustrations. And, having passed through the principal features of this year's Companion, we hope they will be found confirmatory of our good opinion.]

## The Public Journals.

### A FRENCH ROMANCE.

(From "The Land of the Chouan," a lively Tour to the Vendée, in Blackwood's Magazine.)

**Evening.**—Drove into the forest, (Fontainebleau,) a regal chase, and worthy of another William of Normandy, or whoever was the true devastator of Hampshire. But Hants, with all its beauties, is nothing to the real grandeur of Douagery, the luxuriant desolateness, the true wilderness look, of the forest

of Fontainebleau, and all that it contains. Even the cottagers on its border have the air of wild men of the woods or banditti, with their barbarian countenances, rude clothing, and hair tossed loose over their brown visages. Some of them as they passed us in the twilight, with their forest poles in hand, and their rough good night, might have figured in a picture of the days of Dumnorix or Arminius. The mere vastness of the forest is a source of effect, between thirty and forty thousand acres devoted to the royal pleasures of the chase! Truly, as said Frederic, "It is a fine thing to be a king in France." We started several deer, which sprang across the glades from covert to covert, gazed at us for a moment, and then were gone like lightning. As it grew darker, we heard sounds in which we thought we could distinguish the short, sharp grunt of the wild boar; and even the howl of the wolf, which has been occasionally found here. This forest was picturesque, 'tis true; but an adventure with the denizens of those "antres deep and thickets wild" might have its inconvenient consequences, and our postillions cast back many a look, fully expressive of their wish to be quietly housed at the hotel.

But every Frenchman feels by nature for the glory of the land, and on our way back, they begged permission to stop, "if it were only for a *demie-douzaine* of moments, to show Messieurs the scene of a fatal history which had occurred but a month before." We drew up accordingly in a defile where, in other days, an ambuscade might have been placed; but where, in our civilized times, nothing was to be expected more formidable than an exhibition of French sensibility. A sort of recess under a hillock, was pointed out to us as the scene of the transaction. "There," said the narrator of the romance, "there lay the bodies. All Fontainebleau came to see them, all our young girls came to scatter flowers upon them, and all our young men came"—"To drink and dance with all the young girls," was my rather hasty interruption. The postilion was evidently thrown out, and had to begin his story again, with no very favourable impression of English sympathy. The substance of the tale, however, was, that Alphonse Hyppolite something or other, who gave himself out for a son of Marshal Soult, had made his appearance in the department, and produced prodigious havoc in the hearts of the provincial belles. No one who had been seen there for the last half century, dressed so well, fiddled so well, or danced so well. When we add to these attractions a present rental of tens of thousands of francs, and a future one of millions, thanks to the plunder of Spain, with a dukedom in reversion besides, we may conclude Hyppolite to have been irresistible by any mother, or maiden, in France.



But in the course of his sojourn of a few weeks, another wonder appeared, a *belle*, who, travelling with her suite for the benefit of the air, was struck with the beauty of Fontainebleau,—and proposed remaining a few days. She was the heiress of a Mexican marquis, and had gold and silver mines, forests and lakes, cities and castles, on her estates. She appeared at the ball at the mairie; all the world were captivated, but Alphonse Hyppolite was undone. Love took him by storm, and he must consume in his own fires, unless he received permission to throw himself at the feet of the fairest of marchesinas. The permission was finally obtained; and the son of the marshal, and the daughter of the marquis were pronounced to be the most brilliant pair that had ever submitted to the shackles of Hymen. But the crosses of the tender passion are proverbial. On the very eve of the marriage, a person alighted from the diligence, who, after making inquiries for the residence of the bridegroom, proceeded there, attended by a gendarme. The result was awaited with some curiosity by the group gathered in front of the hotel; but their astonishment may be conceived when they saw Monsieur Alphonse Hyppolite marched out under the guard of the gendarme, and consigned to the town jail. Next morning, all was consternation in the apartments of the bride at the news. But the affront of seeing her lover thus snatched away was not to be tolerated; and, highly indignant at the authorities which could have permitted such a crime against all *bienéance*, the marchesina ordered horses to be put to her travelling chariot, to make her complaint to Louis Philippe in person. More astonishment—the *fair enragée* was arrested by the hotel-keeper when on the point of stepping into her equipage. And the ferment was not diminished, when the arrest was known to have proceeded from an anonymous letter, advising the landlord to look carefully to the payment of his bill. One of the lady's checks upon her Parisian banker had next been returned, with some very significant remarks on its outside. The lady protested that the check was as sound as the royal treasury. But Monsieur L'Aubergiste was not to be moved by menaces of the wrath of Spain and France together, nor by the more potent sighs and tears which followed. To conclude, Alphonse Hyppolite and the marchesina got loose from the hands of the law about the same time; the latter by a remittance from the hands of a Bordeaux *préfet* renowned for the refinement of his tastes, and the former by a compromise with the person who had alighted from the diligence, his tailor. The *dénouement* was now ripe. The tale is like Love in a Village. Alphonse turned out to be a dancer at the Porte St. Martin, who, on the close of the

theatre, made an excursion to collect what he could, in the usual way of the rambling genius of Terpsichore, by the billiard-table, giving lessons in dancing or matrimony with the widow of some rich provincial. The marchesina happened to be of the same trade, a showy opera figurante, who, having made some money in Bordeaux, was on her way to look for an engagement in Paris. The son of a marshal, and a millionaire, was worth a week's delay, even in the dull atmosphere of the ancient city of Fontainebleau. The daughter of the Mexican Lord of Casalcava and fifty other domains, ordered an equipage from Paris, emerged from her cocoon like a butterfly, and fell in love without delay.

But, contrary to theatrical laws, the farce was followed by the tragedy. The lovers, now at liberty to perform their mutual vows, and released from the formalities of rank, wandered through the valleys of the forest without even an eye of rivalry to pursue their steps. One evening, neither returned to their respective dwelling. Their landlords, in both instances, felt more than usual sympathy for their loss, inasmuch as in both instances, their bills were unpaid to a considerable amount. The lady had driven out in her chariot for a short excursion in the *fraîcheur*. On inquiring into the state of her chattels left behind, nothing was to be found beyond an empty trunk, and a letter declaring that she had gone to put an end to an existence made miserable by the malice of mankind. A similar MS. was found on the toilet of the lover, with a similar deficiency in his effects. A universal search was forthwith commenced, and, after two days scouring the country, the intelligence was brought that the lovers had closed their existence *à la Française*. They were found dead, each with a pistol in hand, and their wrists tied together with a bunch of rose-coloured ribbon. An open letter, laid at their side, desired that they should be buried together, exonerated the world from the cruelty of having persecuted them to death, and declared, that in thus dying in each other's presence, they died only as Voltaire commanded, and as Rousseau would have rejoiced to die with his Julie. All Fontainebleau, as I said, flocked to see the sight, weep, and dance. They would have probably put the lovers in the national museum, and preserved them for the benefit of posterity, but that the faces were already disfigured, whether by bird, beast, or exposure to the air, and it was found expedient to consign them to the cemetery. The spot, thenceforth, was a sort of hallowed ground, sacred to the memory of unlucky love, and a grand *show-place* to all the passers through the vicinage.

To relieve the feelings of the sympathetic, I may as well tell the finale of the romance.

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Three months after, a paragraph in one of the journals of Toulon announced that the lovers had come to life, and were surprisingly recovered, indeed, for they were at that moment completing their engagement at the theatre, and dancing with great *éclat*, not a little enhanced by their ingenuity in having chicaned the landlords of the north. It seems that Alphonse and the fair one, on the discovery of their mutual deception, had agreed to marry, probably that two such geniuses might make an alliance offensive and defensive against the world. But their hotel bills had run up to sums utterly beyond their power, and as much beyond their intention, to pay. The catastrophes of lovers are common in France, and all things are forgiven to those who are sufficiently in love. The lovers took their evening drive, and after a few meanderings round the spot, turned their horses' heads to the south, and flew with the velocity of Cupid's pinions. An attendant of one of the cemeteries had procured the substitutes, which moved the sorrows of the young and tender as they lay linked in eternal fidelity with rose-ribbons, and protesting against the severity of fortune on pink-coloured and perfumed paper. Whether the landlords recovered their arrears, or whether they ever learned the *denouement*, I cannot say; but they fully made up their losses by the concourse which haunted the place, and replenished by coffee and *bonbons* the deficiency which had been made by the lovers' expenditure in Burgundy and Champagne.

## COLERIDGE.

COLERIDGE wrote his own epitaph; it is, however, inapplicable to the place in which he is buried: a handsome tablet, erected in Highgate New Church to his memory, bears the following inscription:

"Sacred to the Memory of  
SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE,  
Poet, Philosopher, Theologian.

This truly great and good man resided for  
The last nineteen years of his life  
In this Hamlet.

He quitted 'the body of this death,'  
July 25th, 1834.

In the sixty-second year of his age.  
Of his profound learning and discursive genius,  
His literary works are an imperishable record.

To his private worth,

His social and Christian virtues,  
James and Ann Gillman,

The friends with whom he resided,  
During the above period, dedicate this tablet.

Under the pressure of a long  
And most painful disease,

His disposition was unassuably sweet and angelic.  
He was an ever-enduring, ever loving friend,

The gentlest and kindest teacher,  
The most engaging home-companion.

'O framed for calmer times and nobler hearts!  
O studious poet, eloquent for truth!  
Philosopher contemplating wealth and death,  
Yet docile, child-like, full of life and love.'

Here, on this monumental stone, thy friends inscribe thy worth.

Reader! for the world mourns.  
A Light has passed away from the earth.  
But for this pious and exalted Christian  
'Rejoice, and again I say unto you, rejoice!'

Ubi  
Thesaurus  
ibi  
Cor.  
S. T. C."

## The Gatherer.

*Valentine's Day.*—It is traditionally supposed that at about this period birds pair. Bourne tells us that "it is a ceremony never omitted among the vulgar, to draw lots, which they term Valentines, on the eve before Valentine-day. The names of a select number of one sex are, by an equal number of the other, put into some vessel; and, after that, every one draws a name, which for the present is called their Valentine, and is also looked upon as a good omen of their being man and wife afterwards." The author of *Fulgaria Hormanni*, (4to. 1530,) says, "Valentynes be put and shocked in a close vessel, as is a cappe: Valentiniana conjiciuntur in cistellam." Douce, in his *Illustrations*, (ii. 252,) says, "This practice is derived from the Lupercal games, celebrated in February, in honor of Pan and Juno at Rome, when the names of young women were put into a box, and drawn by the men." J. F.

*Monkeys taking Snuff.*—There are two or three monkeys now in the Zoological Gardens, in the Regent's Park, whose passion for snuff affords much amusement to the visitors. They seem to rub it zealously into their eyes and ears, as well as their nostrils, and, after some minutes of triumphant sneezing and snorting, to enjoy the narcotic influence of the Nicotian weed, with the calm contentment of an old-fashioned philosopher.

The human heart, for some little time after death has taken place may be stimulated to perform its natural action by being punctured; and in a limb after amputation, the muscles are excited to contract by the plunge of a scalpel.

*Curious Fact.*—Signor Rosellini showed, the other day, to a friend of ours at Florence, a sort of smelling-bottle, evidently of Chinese porcelain, and with characters, to all appearance, Chinese! This was found by Rosellini himself in a tomb, which, as far as could be ascertained, had not been opened since the days of the Pharaohs.—*Quarterly Review*.

*Seeds and Hooks.*—General Macquarie attempted to induce the natives of New South Wales to cultivate the ground by a distribution of seeds and implements. Among the packets of seed were some which contained fish-hooks: these, together with

the seeds were given by the governor to the sable monarch, King Bungaree. Some time after, the governor inquired of him whether the seeds had yet come up? "Oh, berry well, berry well," exclaimed Bungaree; "all make come up berry well, except dem fish-hooks; dem no come up yet."

**Dogs.**—The Australian dog never barks; indeed, it is remarked by Mr. Gardiner, in a work entitled "The Music of Nature," that "dogs in a state of nature never bark; they simply whine, howl, and growl: this explosive noise is only found among those which are domesticated." Sonnini speaks of the shepherd's dogs in the wilds of Egypt as not having this faculty; and Columbus found the dogs which he had previously carried to America, to have lost their propensity to barking. The barking of a dog is an acquired faculty—an effort to speak, which he derives from his associating with man.—*Bennett.*

**Anti-Slavery.**—Dr. Channing, of Boston, U. S., came out last October, in his pulpit, as an Abolitionist. "Property in man! Property in man!" he exclaimed; "you may claim *matter* as property to any extent you please—the earth, the ocean, and the planets—but you cannot touch a *soul*. I can as readily conceive the angels in heaven being property as man."

**Degrading Effect of Drunkenness.**—"Amongst the number of persons, whose cases I investigated," said Mr. Mott, of Lambeth Workhouse, "there were several of an education far above the average, and I had one person under my care, named William J—, who was the cousin of an eminent barrister and the son of a clergyman. This person was very learned, and for the purpose of keeping up his knowledge of the languages with which he was conversant, he used to keep a journal of each day's transactions; the account of each day being kept in one of the seven different languages with which he was the most familiar. He was sent to my charge at the Workhouse as a victim to the habit of drinking. His journal contained very accurate accounts of his own aberrations, and yet, notwithstanding the calamitous consequences which he himself noted and commented upon justly, he could not refrain from indulgence. On one occasion, after he had been for some time debarred from liquor, he, by some means or other, got some drink, but he was nevertheless sober, and capable of reasoning collectedly, when he came to me, and begged permission to be allowed to go out of the Workhouse, for he said he could not bear abstinence any longer. I told him I could not make the house a prison, and that if he, when sober, went out, I would not receive him back again. He still besought me, and I gave him half an hour to consider

of it. At the end of the time he came again, and finding me still adhering to my resolution, said he was extremely sorry, for he must go: he could not resist having some more liquor, 'if it was to secure him a crown of glory.' I was obliged to allow him to go, and in the middle of the next day he was brought back in a state of beastly intoxication, and nearly naked; his clothes having been disposed of to obtain the means of indulging his propensity. I refused to pay the coachman and receive him back again. I afterwards learned that the coachman, after having driven him about to respectable persons, his family connexions, to obtain payment, drove him to Union Hall, where the magistrates committed him to Kingston House of Correction. Since then I have not seen him."—*Mr. Chadwick's Report to the Poor Law Commissioners.*

**Compound Epithets.**—The custom of using hard compounds, furnished Ben Jonson with an opportunity of showing his satire and his learning together. These are the words of which he speaks sometimes as "un-in-one-breath-utterable." Redi mentions an epigram against the sophists which is preserved in Athenæus, and is made up of compounds "a mile long." He presents us with a Latin translation by Joseph Scaliger, which may be thus rendered into English:

Loftybrowflourishers,  
Noseinbeardwallowers,  
Bagandbeardnourishers,  
Diahandallwallowers;  
Oldcloutinvestitors,  
Barefootlookfashioners,  
Nightprivatefeastesters,  
Craftlucubrators;

Youthcheaters, wordcatchers, vainglorysophers,  
Such are your seekers of virtue, philosophers.

G. H.

**Pancakes.**—A wealthy shoemaker, one Simon Eyre, being chosen Lord Mayor of London, gave to the apprentices of London a pancake feast, and ordered that upon the ringing of a bell in every parish, they should leave work for the day: this bell is still called the pancake-bell in the city. In 1446, Mr. Eyre built Leaden Hall. S. T. B.

#### THE MIRROR, VOL. XXIV.

(From the Spectator, February 7, 1835.)

"The last annual volume of that neat little omnigatherum of literature, the *Mirror*—being its Twenty-fourth, is proof presumptive of its popularity; and we need only say that its success is well-deserved. It is a capital book for span-long readings, that fill up casual intervals of leisure otherwise employed in musings, too often profitless, and sometimes painful. Its various contents, having a due infusion of novelty, and its numerous and well-executed wood-cuts, render it attractive, and the goodness of its matter makes it satisfactory.

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"The benevolence, and household management in St. for not fifteen patronesses, freed George within ed, of public Report from name males providing the of this the full of 180 secure enshel Vo